

Wichita Daily Eagle

FROM MARION HARLAND.

WHAT SHE HAS TO SAY CONCERNING WALL FLOWERS.

They Are of Many Varieties—The Predestinate the Most Common—The Illudness of Men Who Sometimes Pass by the Sweetest of Women.

(Copyright by American Press Association.)
The Indians call parsley "the white man's foot." It follows the squatter as surely as the domestic fly, and dies out with the decline of civilization.

The human wall flower may be said to sprout in the track of fashion. With the first social entertainment among "our best people" of the infant settlement, be it apple bob, quilting or agate off, the perennial plant is set against the walls or in the outmost borders. It is the same generically with the sumptuously appareled rows that line upper ten ball-rooms in Boston, New York and Chicago.

The specimens are presumably "flowers" or they would not be in society. Weeds and kitchen herbs are not suffered to live in show parlors. When Mrs. H. O. Tonsand or Mrs. M. Aire issues cards to a ball she selects people who will grace and enliven or add dignity to her assembly. The wall flower does none of the three. The neglected ranks of bidden guests in the background of the pageant that honors the purse and position of the hostess must be an eyesore to her, if only because they imply unfortunate selection of materials or mismanagement of them when they are collected. As a point of equity, attention and consequent enjoyment of the occasion should be evenly distributed. The evidence that this is never done lies in the immutable fact that the wall flower, like a fairer thing, "springs eternal"—and, it may be growingly added, everywhere.

While the genus is the same in all climates and under whatever exposure, the species vary so widely as to afford opportunity for curious study.

The most common is the predestinate wall flower. She bears the same relation to the rest that the June dog rose does to Lamurque, Marchal Neil and Jacquemont. She is the original and indigenous stock. She is not pretty; she is not rich; she does not dress well; she is only a tolerable dancer, and very far from being a tolerable talker. Usually she is what the society man denominates "a money-bagging girl." Why she should always go where she is invited, and most surely into the most brilliant gatherings, where her disabilities will be most conspicuous, is as much a peculiarity of the species as strong scent pertains to the garlic tribe and prickles to the thistle. Stars may fall and belles faint by the way. She is to be counted upon and in as certainly as the center and his bill. "Semper paratus" should be the legend embroidered upon her one lace pocket handkerchief. Ready to accept, ready to go, and—poor thing!—more than ready to be amused when she is there, if the ghost of opportunity be offered her. She must extract some juice of pleasure from the husky entertainment of sitting against other people's waists and legs, and looking at other people's dresses, and hearing the hum of talk not addressed to herself. Else her motto would be reversed, and herself suffer a home change into a house look.

That this does not happen is one of the curiosities of human conduct. Our predestinate wall flower is often amiable than captious, and cannot suspect what a gravelly particle she is between the teeth of the smiling mistress of ceremonies, and with what sinking of heart she sees her appear in the drawing room door, or her acceptance "with thanks" would not be a foregone conclusion. She comes in, timidly sometimes, at others bashfully, but never deprecatingly. Generally she radiates the mild complacency of one who knows herself to be welcome. To this she not infrequently joins the benevolent persuasion that in accepting her Mrs. Gay's invitation she confers pleasure upon the sender and distinction upon the crowd.

Having taken her seat she rarely changes it. If the waiter trips her or loses her she receives his apology more or less graciously. He is a comest, her steady shine of a planet. Let us hope for her speedy discovery of the truth that it is the leaden luster of Uranus, so faint and ineffectual that the world would not miss its withdrawal from the solar system. Dickens tells us that Mr. Jellyby found a comfort in leaning his head against the wall. The friend to social hilarity is ready to beg for some chemical compound with which to mix kalamazoo and treat paper hangings, that may ward off from contact the predestinate wall flower.

To the gallant of whatever age she is a terror. One woman of determined and incorruptible hospitality has a habit of telling off relays of men to talk with such of the species as lurk in corners of her well patrolled parlors. Having detailed her own son one reception evening as one of the devoted band, she stationed him with the sotto voce pledge of relief in fifteen minutes, and straightway forgot him in the distraction of other duties. Drifting eventually into his neighborhood she was awakened to a perception of her inhumanity by catching an agonized glance from the brave fellow, who had held the post for sixty mortal minutes. Since that night he has been known among his conferees as "Camelopard."

The hardest part of it all is that hostility involves the endeavor to transplant the wall flower and cultivate it into the semblance of a popular blossom. The cling of the class to the mouldings of her walls is a tacit reflection upon the entertainer's kindly courtesy or upon her tactful ability. In the perception of this the hostess nearly always makes the effort indicated, and altogether always fails. For never was it known that the predestinate wall flower changed her nature or ways. No zone or season can effect other than unimportant variations, such as, we will say, the turn of a leaf or the flicker of a shade.

The species—belle passe (goutis cheiranthus)—is high colored and in habit epigrammatic. As the main stalk of a plant often appears a stiff bloom, laid in tint and formal in arrangement, while lateral shoots display the effervescence of the

rose, the gorgeousness of the tulip, so she who has once known how to attract and captivate may hope for other, if semi-social, successes in the same line. Elderly men who resemble her as "an uncannily fine girl" serve excellent reminiscences of this common youth by "just a turn or two for the sake of said lang syne." Very young and against their will, sheepish fellows find her easier to talk to than the belle of later seasons and far more indulgent of gaucherie and solecism. One of them is apt to marry her if she is matrimonially inclined. As a wife (and as many women marry well at thirty-five as at twenty-two) the belle passe glows into autumnal bloom that sometimes surpasses the crude beauty of youth. She is susceptible (measurably) to the influence of changed soil and fertilization.

More difficult to classify and to account for upon any established principle of human horticulture is the wall flower who becomes and remains such against everybody's expectation.

I have in mind a family of three sisters, who are well educated, well born and well bred and absolutely good looking. Accompanied by a presentable mother and once in a while by the wealthy father, who denies them no pleasure, they go to the Hygeia in February, to Saratoga in July, to Mt. Desert in August and to Florida in December. They dress tastefully, are not taciturn or prudish, and dance gracefully when chance sends them partners—a rare occurrence. For the stamp of the germs is upon them. Fresh fields and pastures new gift for them only other walls and renewed neglect. Belles declare them to be "ever nice," but cannot tempt their own admirers to catholism of devotion. Hostesses say they are "charming, only—the men haven't the taste to appreciate real worth."

For my own part I know them to be genuine women, sensible and lovable, superior to the average butterfly of the ballroom that I never see, in party or picnic, that I am not reminded of the groan of my colored "man-my" when she heard a lively and beautiful spinster boldly aver that she had passed her thirty-third birthday.

"Laudy! laudy! laudy! what is de men about?"

I know two other sisters, the only unmarried members of a large family of boys and girls, and beyond question the most attractive of them all in manner and appearance, who are now respectively 35 and 37 years of age. Neither of them has ever, within the knowledge of her oldest and most intimate acquaintance, had the suspicion of an admirer. Their social position is unexceptionable, and they are to be seen at all manner of routs, doing each "season" winter or summer, with cheerful fidelity. Nobody asks them to dance or to go in to supper except upon the insistence of the hostess. At the seashore they are, like babes in the wood, left to their own devices to sustain social existence. They are never invited to drive or stroll, or even to look at the moon from the balcony. Yet, with their own sex, they are exceedingly popular, are adored by a large constituency of misses and nephews, and as church workers, leave nothing to be desired by priest or parish. Still, the fatal wall draws them to it, and robs them of available charms as the fabled mountain drew the iron bolts out of the sailor's boat and wrecked him in the very harbor.

What social vivisectionist can explain the enigma of the non-analyzable wall flower?

Slighted by men for women who have not one tithe of her moral or mental worth, or to the unprejudiced eye one-half her personal comeliness, each public appearance tends to fasten the stigma upon her. When she has become herself aware of her reputation it is her fate. No social success like success, and nothing fails so disastrously as prejudged failure.

Of the pretty trio of sisters I mentioned just now a flippant correspondent wrote to a New York paper, disguising the names for safety's sake, under initials: "They look with plaintive patience upon the brilliant scene. Their blue eyes, the fixity of the smile upon their silent lips, their whole demeanor says: 'We are failures! We know it! We would help it if we could. But, Kiss-me!'"

A plain old dame, whose husband's money and ambition had brought up and educated six fine looking sons and three pretty daughters, was asked why the brothers had one and all married early, while the sisters remained single.

"Why, you see," said the good creature, a ludicrous blending of shrewdness and maternal concern proverbializing her homely speech, "the boys, they can ask! The girls, they can't!"

Until the situation is modified the wall flower, however redolent of virtues, however gifted with real loveliness of soul, will continue to follow the foot-print of tyrannical fashion.

If she be a genuine woman, with right perception of the values of life, she owes it to herself, her order and human nature to recognize the comfortable fact that the glare and glare of the assembly room are not her rightful exposure. There is a corner, and there are uses for everything which the great Husbandman has put into his garden. The shady side of the world is the least worthy. When a deep hearted, full brained girl finds herself habitually overlooked in places that dazzle and satisfy lower natures common sense dictates as her wisest policy avoidance of the mortification and misconception incident upon a false position. There is no written or oral law obliging her to appear where she is not appreciated and where she neither gives nor receives pleasure.

Marion Harland.

KEEPING VEGETABLES FRESH.

Juliet Corson Gives Some Valuable Information to Housewives.

(Copyright by American Press Association.)

What is the best way to keep vegetables fresh?

If the greenkeeper who is in the habit of displaying his entire stock on trellis-work outside his store door, trusting to good trade to sell the most of it before it becomes unsalable from the effect of sun and dust, would follow the plan proposed by the writer some years ago, and by slow degrees gaining favor because it reduces the percentage of loss from waste, he would gratify his customers immensely in addition. The simplest trial to make is to place the bulk of his morning's purchase of perishable goods in the coolest and darkest part of his

place. A once examined the best of all rooms for this use, unless he has an ice box large enough to receive the vegetables, if not the cases. A cold room of course would be incomparable. Only the largest dealers have such rooms. Put the vegetables in their original cases in a cool, dark place, sprinkle them with water, and only bring them into the light in quantities as required for sale. If at night any remain unsold lock them over, throw away the injured portions, again sprinkle them with cold water and leave them in the dark. By this attention given to them night and morning they will keep good several days.

If possible put that small quantity of each which serves as a sample in a glass case, after first trimming off all defective parts and washing the vegetables in cool water. Then, inclosing them in the case, they will look fresh and inviting.

If housewives all over the country would follow the example of many of my pupils, and make it a condition of trade that their dealers shall keep their vegetables somewhat in this way, they will soon prove the advantage of it to the tradesmen's satisfaction. The points to be noted are freedom from air, dust, heat, decayed parts and keeping the fruit and vegetables in a cool dark place. One portion of the ice box racked off, or the vegetables wrapped in a large cloth, will keep them from contact with other foods, except always that nothing should ever be put into the same ice box with either milk, cream or butter. An entirely separate box must be kept for these articles if they are to be in the best condition.

To return to the idea which I have long advocated of one person buying for several neighboring families.

If every housekeeper would inform herself toward night as to supplies on hand, the requirements in quantity of the dry groceries and for the temporary supply of such perishable foods as milk, cream, butter, fresh meat, poultry, fish, vegetables and fruit, the buyer could make the round of her customers during the evening, make up her market list, retire before 11 o'clock, so as to rise and be at the market before 6 a. m. At any hour between 4 and 6 a. m. the vegetables and fruit are plentiful; the meats, poultry and fish can be bought later, and the dry groceries, such as sugar, tea and coffee, at any convenient hour. The goods should be delivered in bulk at the buyers' house and distributed from that point according to their orders. Just such purchases are being made in several places as the result of the first inception of the work some three or four years ago. Success depends upon the way the thing is undertaken.

So, equally, does the success of the plan for inducing dealers to take the best care of food supplies while they are passing through their hands. That the health of the family greatly depends upon this goes without saying in these days when housewives give so much thought to the government of their little kingdoms.

JULIET CORSON.

The Latest Paris Fashions.



Let me describe two toilets recently seen at a garden party in Paris.

The first was of lilac velveting, with a lace front to the skirt, and the corsage was half lace and half velveting, as were also the sleeves. A dainty little toque of velveting had a tiny bunch of golden cowslips in front.

Another lovely gown worn there was of corn colored crepe de Chine front, with the new white "feather lace" down each side. The whole black and sides, cut princess style, were of plaid silk, in gray, with bars of corn color, green and black in large broken lines. The plaid was made on the straight. The crepe front was accented plaid, and a glance at the illustration with this will show the peculiar but effective arrangement of the lace garniture. With this was worn a white chip hat with purple pascies, and a white lace parasol with yellow and purple bow. In the back the princess was laid in deep box plaits over a very slight cushion.

What is the reason the girls that wear low cut gowns are always the girls with long, thin necks?

He who provokes an angry word is as much in the wrong as he who utters it.

The best bred man is the man who makes the least number of people uncomfortable.

The man who is trying to climb up finds lots of heels above him, and lots of fists behind him.

It is simple enough to be a great man; keep your mouth shut, and when you see a dollar, grab it.

To be happy a man must either be so good that he has no envious desires, or be so bad that he has no conscience.

If only one hope in ten is realized, it should be comforting to know that only one fear in ten is ever realized.

Repentance is full of excuses, there never was a man who could admit that he had done wrong without explaining it.

At some time in their lives everyone promises particularly well, but something nearly always happens to ruin them.

Your best friend is the man who shuts his eyes when you do anything silly, and opens his mouth when you do a thing that is good.

When a man has the reputation of being plain spoken, it is a mild way of putting it that he never sees anything good to speak of in others.

You will forget the face of the man you saw doing a wicked trick much sooner than you will forget the face of the man who caught him.

Do a good act, and it will be engraved in a heart over which you have an influence; do an evil one, and it will be left forever in the same heart as a cruel scar.—Athenian Club.

BOTH FAIR AND FAMOUS

SIX WOMEN KNOWN THE WORLD OVER FOR THEIR GLORIOUS BEAUTY.

No Rank in Life Has a Monopoly of Loveliness—A Dancer and a Duchess Alike Superb in Form and Features. Some Queerly Faced.

(Copyright by American Press Association.)



MRS. FERDINAND YZNAGA.

Venus is the accepted type of a perfect woman. She embodies symmetry, smoothness, form, delicacy in perfection.

It is easy for the fairest to fall short of that ideal in bodily proportion, but faces more beautiful smile under the skies of many lands. The coloring, variety and expression which her marble features necessarily lack are found wherever there is a lovely, "God blessed," living face.

Here are a few chosen almost at random from a heap of distracting photographs where each one seemed lovelier than the neighbor.

As an ideal American beauty Mrs. Ferdinand Yznaga, formerly Mabel Wright, is a perfect example. She is slender, gracefully, purely blonde, with a dark shading of brows and lashes, and is delicately colored like a flower. She possesses, too, the mobility of expression, the irresistible sparkle which adds such a charm to the face of a woman.

Never since the great Taglioni died Thackeray's heart has been such a dancer. Not only feet and toes, but every inch of her body becomes instinct with life. With arms swaying above her head like a Nautch dancer's, with fluttering fingers and eyes mirroring every phase of her intoxicating motion she becomes a spirit instead of an every day town woman.

So recently has she left her native town of Malaga that English is still almost an unknown tongue to her. Her face is distinctly Spanish. It is not in perfect proportion, but she may be called a beauty nevertheless by right of her wonderful eyes, teeth, smile, the warm, dusky tints of her satiny skin, her agile, shapely figure, and above all her inimitable grace which remains a vivid memory with every one who sees her.

Vienna, according to Richard Grant White and other tourists, can boast of



MLLE. THEO.

American women, even where the features are insignificant. Her history has a piquancy showing that even in money worshiping, commercial New York a beautiful face may sometimes prove a passport to a fortune.

She was the daughter of an artist in comfortable circumstances, but outside the pale of society, when a rich, aristocratic young man crossed her path and promptly fell in love with her. He managed to get her an invitation to some prominent, exclusive social event among the "Four Hundred," and under the chaperonage of a society leader. Her beauty did the rest. The obliging young man was exiled to Europe by his parents to forget the girl whose only fortune was her face, but she became the fashion. No marauding of the social world in town, at Newport or Tuxedo was complete without this rose of a girl. Last fall she married Ferdinand Yznaga, brother of the Duchess of Manchester, better known by her former title of Lady Mandeville, and is now abroad.

A really beautiful French woman is a rarity. One writer says, "The women of France are the ugliest in the world." But it is generally conceded that what they lack in regularity of feature and purity of complexion is atoned by the grace, the spirit, the eloquence of expression which make them the most dangerous coquettes under the sun.

Mlle. Theo may be taken as a typical Parisienne. Her success in opera bouffe has been enormous. The Mexicans went wild over her and crowned her with a chaplet of gold laurel leaves. In New York she never tripped down to the footlights without hearing the plaudits of a crowded house. She won all hearts and why? Not by her singing, for Theo has scarcely more voice than a peacock, but by the winsome coquetry of her French face.

She smiles almost continually, but it is not a stereotyped grin like the usual semblance of sugar per quart of fruit. Quick, flashing, full of diabolical, insinuating, confidential, a smile which has captivated the gold into Theo's greedy little hands in the most wonderful way.

I saw many beautiful women in England and many fine eyes, pink cheeks, vigorous, sun-kissed features, said Chas. Degey last summer on his return from abroad, "that none of them all the most lovely par excellence is the young Duchess of Leinster. She stands alone."

Tall, slender, stately, calm, with perfectly chiseled features, she is an aristocratic English beauty from crown to toe. Lady Clara Vere de Vere could not have held her head more perfectly poised. The Duchess of Leinster would look a durbess if she smiled with a counter.

As Lady Herpington Dumbrie, before her marriage with Lord Kilmore, who afterward succeeded to the title of the Duke of Leinster, she was the beauty of a Duke of London seasons. So confident was she of her charm, however, that she

was the most beautiful woman in the world.

Before she died, she was beautiful, as she so frankly told us in the wonderful, joyful and beautiful, for her face is marked by power.

Boil peaches (whole) for fifteen minutes and use four ounces of sugar per quart.

Boil peaches in halves for eight minutes and use four ounces of sugar per quart.

Boil strawberries eight minutes and use eight ounces of sugar per quart of fruit.

Boil blackberries for nine minutes and use six ounces of sugar per quart of fruit.

Boil gooseberries for eight minutes and use eight ounces of sugar per quart of fruit.

Boil ripe currants for six minutes and use eight ounces of sugar per quart of fruit.

Boil tartlet pears for twenty minutes and use six ounces of sugar per quart of fruit.

Boil Siberian apples for twenty-five minutes and use eight ounces of sugar per quart of fruit.

Boil tomatoes twenty minutes and use no sugar, wholeberries five minutes and use four ounces of sugar per quart of fruit, and wild grapes ten minutes and use eight ounces of sugar per quart of fruit.

lips, the proud, critical gaze of her eyes was her nickname of "Lady Adrienne Dumbrie" among the gilded youths who were her devotees her devoted followers. She is a daughter of the Earl of Sutherland, and is 25 years of age, in the zenith of her beauty. Her charity is untiring. She is a sort of patron saint to hundreds of working girls she has befriended in the most sympathetic, womanly way.

Carmencita is the idol of the hour at New York. She made her way to celebrity and what promises to be fortune by the amazing, tortuous shiverings of her spine. She is the queen of a concert hall which her wonderful dancing has transformed into a fashionable resort for the time being, and she dances at private parties for society, at



CARMENCITA.

a magnificent cost to them. The size of her little foot, her untamed grace, the ecstasy of motion, the language of her languishing dark eyes have inspired newspaper paragraphs many a time and oft since she first shivered and swayed before astonished New Yorkers on the stage at Niblo's.

Never since the great Taglioni died Thackeray's heart has been such a dancer. Not only feet and toes, but every inch of her body becomes instinct with life. With arms swaying above her head like a Nautch dancer's, with fluttering fingers and eyes mirroring every phase of her intoxicating motion she becomes a spirit instead of an every day town woman.

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Vienna, according to Richard Grant White and other tourists, can boast of

more beautiful women than any other city in the world. They have the smallest wrists and ankles, the most admirably turned necks, and when they dance:

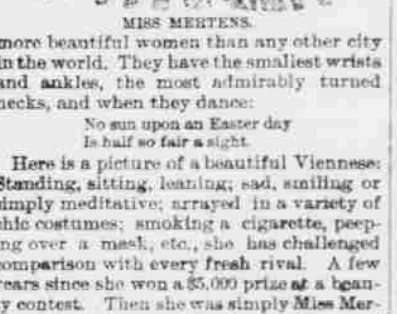
No sun upon Broadway is so fair a sight.

Here is a picture of a beautiful Viennese: Standing, sitting, leaning, sad, smiling or simply meditative; arrayed in a variety of chic costumes; smoking a cigarette, peeping over a mesh, etc., she has challenged comparison with every fresh rival. A few years since she won a \$5,000 prize at a beauty contest. Then she was simply Miss Mertens, "to fortune and to fame unknown."

After that she became a fixed star in the theatrical firmament, and is now an actress at the Eden theatre in Paris.

She is a distracting beauty, perhaps the most beautiful woman in Europe. Her skin shows the smooth, dead white of the magnolia blossom, a tint seen to perfection among the Austro-Hungarians. An oriental languor softens her large, white lidded eyes. She is tall, of generous build and very graceful.

This photograph of Marie Bachkireff shows her as she was only a few months ago.



MLLE. BACHKIREFF.

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ON RAPID WHEELS.

The Coming Niagara Falls Meet of the L. A. W.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP CONTESTS.

One of Them Will Be Ridden and Records Will Probably Drop a Peg or Two—Hoyland Smith and Others Will Be There.

Nowadays when one sees a hearty, happy, healthy looking young fellow who has a jolly laugh, a good, all round muscular development, a clear complexion, and no dropsy it is safe to set him down as a wheelman. It takes a good man to ride



THE NIAGARA FALLS TRACK.

the silent steed, and it makes a better man—when he rides systematically and persistently, at any rate. Ask one of those bicyclists where he is going to spend the last week in August this year and the chances are that he will say promptly: "At Niagara Falls." If he is a fact man, one who has a record, if he is what the wheelmen call a "crack," there's no need of asking him the question. The answer can be taken for granted.

There have been big gatherings of wheelmen before this, but never such a one as will be seen at the Falls on Aug. 25, 26 and 27. It is expected that 5,000 of the 14,000 members of the League of American Wheelmen will be there in all the glory of gray uniforms and highly polished wheels. This is to be a "meet," not a "meeting," which is quite a different matter as far as the L. A. W. vocabulary is concerned. A "meet" is for racing, a love feast, and a general jollification. A "meeting" is for the transaction of business, and with the exception of a slight change in the constitution, no business is to be done at Niagara Falls.

Of course the races will be the feature of the "meet." For the first time national championship races are to be run off. Heretofore Tom, Dick and Harry were privileged to compete in these championship races. According to the new racing rules only the cream of the cream, so to speak, will appear on the track during the nine championship races which will constitute the greatest bicycling event ever held in this country. Those who are successful in the club championship races will meet and contest for state championships, and the winners of these will meet to settle the district championships.

At the last business meeting of the L. A. W. the country was divided into seven of these racing districts, each comprising from two to ten states, and the following L. A. W. national championship have been established by the board of managers: One mile, two mile and five mile "ordinary" bicycle; one mile, two mile and five mile "safety" bicycle; and one mile, two mile and three mile tandem safety. The champion and second man in these races will be sent, expenses paid, from each of the seven districts, making fourteen crack contestants in each of the nine championship races to be run at the Falls. Gold medals struck from dies in the possession of the league will be awarded to the victors. In addition to these championship races there will be fourteen others of various kinds, for which trophies will be awarded the winners.

The greatest interest centers in the one-mile "ordinary" race, which takes place the second day and in which Will Wendle and Arthur Lundgren will try conclusions. Wendle, who hails from Milbury, Mass., hasn't been beaten in three years. His admirers believe him invincible. His record of a mile in 3:13.5 was only beaten by a few seconds by a fellow named Arthur Lundgren, who is on the road to fame. Van Sicklen, of Chicago, an old timer who has been racing since the year 1 of bicycle races, and who has been on the track longer than any other amateur, Refniker and Miller, of Buffalo, not Dan Miller, who won the early days of bicycling, but his younger brother, who with his partner has made remarkable time on the tandem safety. Best Myers, of Peoria; W. S. Thorne, Harvard; Fanning, A. W. Rich, W. F